

Five Songs.

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Miss Drummond.

Jockey's far awa'.

The blue ey'd Lassie.

The Maid of Lodi.

Maggy Lauder.



Stirling, Printed by C. Randall.

MISS DRUMMOND.

Tune—"Waes my heart that we should
sunder."

MY mind I aft ha'e tried in vain,
To think on something would give plea-
sure;

But all my efforts cannot gain
One pleasant thought, but of my treasure.

My dear Miss Drummond, in my mind,
Is far the fairest in the nation,
An' gin I could her favor find,
I would not change for any station.

Her comely face, her eyes so bright,
Bespeak the purest earthly beauty.
She's ay a comfort in my sight,
I love her as I'm bound in duty.

Her face is painted with a smile,
An' a' her words are fine an' witty,
She's tall an' handsome, all the while,
An' all confess she's vastly pretty.

Yet with disdain she spurns my tale,
 An' will not hearken to my story,
 Tho' often I baith weep an' wail,
 And tell her she's my earthly glory.

O powers! wha rule all things below,
 O turn the mind o' my dear Gracie;
 This greatest blessing now bestow,
 An' make me ever free an' easy.



JOCKEY'S FAR AWA.

NOW simmer decks the field wi flowers,
 The woods wi' leaves sae green;
 And little birds around their bow'rs,
 In harmony convene.

The cuckoo flies frae tree to tree,
 Whilst fast the zephyrs blaw,
 But what are a' the joys to me,
 When Jockey's far awa.

When Jockey's far awa at sea,
 When Jockey's far awa;
 But what are a' the joys to me,
 When Jockey's far awa.

Last May morn how sweet to see
 The little lambkins play,

Whilst my dear lad along wi' me,
 Did kindly walk this way.
 On yon green bank wild flow'rs he pou'd
 To bask my bosom braw;
 Sweet, sweet he talk'd, and aft he vow'd;
 But now he's far awa.
 But now, &c.

O gentle peace return again,
 Bring Jockey to my arms,
 Frae dangers on the raging main,
 Frae cruel wars alarms.
 Gin e'er we meet, nae mair we'll part,
 As lang's we've breath to draw;
 Nae mair I'll sing wi' aching heart,
 My Jockey's far awa.
 My Jockey s, &c.



THE BLUE EY'D LASSIE.

I GAED a waefu' gate yestreen,
 A gate I fear I'll dearly rue;
 I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
 Twa lovely een o' bonny blue.
 Twas not her golden ringlets bright,
 Her lips wi' roses wet wi' dew,

Her heaving bosom lily white,
It was her een fae bonny blue.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wyl'd,
She charm'd my heart, I wat na how;
And ay the stound, the deadly wound,
Cam frae her een fae bonny blue.
But spare I'd speak, and spare I'd speed,
She'll abins listen to my vow;
Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
To her twa een fae bonny blue.



THE MAID OF LODI.

I SING the Maid of Lodi,
Who sweetly sung to me,
Whose brows were never cloudy,
Nor e'er distort with glee;
She values not the wealthy,
Unless they're great and good,
For she is strong and healthy,
And by labour earns her food.
And when her day's work's over,
Around a chearful fire
She sings or rests contented,
What more can man desire!

Let those who squander millions,
 Review her happy lot,
 They'll find their proud pavilions
 Far inferior to her cot.

Between the Po and Parma
 Some villains seiz'd my coach,
 And dragg'd me to a cavern,
 Most dreadful to approach,
 By which the Maid of Lodi
 Came trotting from the fair;
 She paus'd to hear my waitings,
 And sees me tear my hair.

Then to her market basket
 She tied her poney's rein,
 I thus by female courage
 Was dragg'd to life again.
 She led me to her dwelling,
 She cheer'd my heart with wine,
 And then she deck'd a table,
 At which the gods might dine.

Among the mild Madonas
 Her features you may find,
 But not the fam'd Corregios
 Could ever part her mind.
 Then sing the maid of Lodi,
 Who sweetly sung to me;

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And when the maid is married,
Still happier may she be.



MAGGY LAUDER.

WHA wadda be in love
wi bonny Maggy Lauder?
A piper met her gaun to Fife,
and spier'd what waist they ca'd her;
Right scornfully she answer'd him,
begone you hallanshaker!
Jog on your gate you bladderskate,
my name is Maggy Lauder,

Maggy, quoth he, and by my bags,
I'm fiddling fain to see you,
Sit down by me my bonny bird;
in troth I winna steer thee:
For I'm a piper to my trade,
my name is Rob the Ranter,
The lassies loup as they were daft,
when I blaw up my chanter.

Piper quoth Meg, hae you your bags,
or is your drone in order?
If you be Bob, I've heard of you
live you upo' the border,

The lassies a' baith far an' near
 have heard of Rob the Ranter,
 I'll shake my foot wi' right good will
 gif you blaw up your chanter.

Then to his bags he flew with speed,
 about the drone he twisted,
 Meg up, and wallop d o er the green
 for brawly could she frisk it.
 Weel done, quoth he : play up quoth she :
 weel bob'd quoth Rob the Ranter;
 'Tis worth my while to play indeed,
 when I hae sic a dancer.

Weel hae you play'd your part quo Meg,
 your cheeks are like the crimson;
 There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel,
 since we lost Habby Simson,
 I've liv'd in Fife baith maid and wife,
 these ten years and a quarter;
 Gin you should come to Enster fair,
 spier ye for Maggy Lauder.

10 JUL 52
 FINIS.